THE Incomparable POEM GONDIBERT,

VINDICATED

From the Wit-Combats

OF

Four ESQUIRES,

Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and *Jack Pudding.*

Χοτέει καὶ ἀοίδος ἀοίδω.

Vatum quoque gratia rara est.

Anglicè,

One Wit-Brother,
Envies another.

Printed in the Year, 1655.

14424.22.5*
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
ERNEST LEWIS GAY
JUNE 15, 1927

To Sir William Davenant.

PArdon (fam'd Sir) if in th' Adventures
Againſt theſe Cyclops, & Wit-Centaures,
(Or Hydra's rather, for they can
Spring at a Club each man his man,
Seconds in Draul, and Seconds unto none.)
Thy yet unhurt Reputation:
By me than them ſhould ſuffer farther,
There, by Wit-ſlaugher here, Wit-murder.
Of ſmall aquaintance as e're writ,
I am onely known unto thy wit;
That's ſmall enough, will *Denham* ſay,
And *Jack Denne* ſwear, upon the day,
When at the arraignment of the Wits,
There ſpleen 'gainſt *D'avenant* paſquils ſpits.
There ſits *Jack Straw* as eldeſt Bencher,
And ſpends no money but his cenſure;
He layes the Book, ſets Sack and Clarret,
And with his Quibbles doth pay for it.
Not thy Book onely, but each Poem,
This Wit-Committee doth cite to 'em;
Thy Hot-cockler for ſomething written,
By theſe Bumme-bayliffs hath been bitten.

But you, my friend, (not *Gondiberts*)
Forbear your Sarcasmes and your flirts;
For if you play the Cynick still,
And bite so hard my Knighted *Will*,
My Woodstreet Doctor, (not a Wooden)
A sure dissecter, and a good one,
With hand accustom'd to knife keen,
Shall quaintly firk away your Spleen.
So that you shall not bite, nor raile,
But like kinde Puppies shake your taile.
This may be Donne, for I have seen
A Barker's, that's a Cynicks Spleen
I'th' Doctors box. (Snarlers) 'tis true,
The Curre's as crank as any of you,
And frisks and fitchets up and down,
As you, to all the Clubbs o'th' Town.
All alike living by mishaps,
(What falls from table) poor Wit-scraps.
Will shew thy face (be't what it will)
We'l push 'um yet a quill for quill,
And let the world at latter loose,
Judge which was taken for a Goose.

Upon the misplaced Answer upon the Preface of Gondibert.

Lascivа est nobis Pagina, vita proba.

I Know the reason, and 'tis pat,
Why none of you do english that.
Nor will I, friends, for all our wrongs
Should be objected in hard tongues.

Ergo,

Lascivа est vobis Pagina, vita probra.

——— You have found it; *pro in probra* (if there be any such Adjective) is long, it was a purpose made so, it is according to your life, so it is all your life long.

Now after that note in Prose, to the Verses.

Just at the threshold pray you look,
Preface, you say, is nose to Book:
Very familar sure are those
We suffer to play with our nose,
But chief at sharp with pin, or prickle:
Yet these are Strawes, but Strawes will tickle.

On the Preface.

Room for the best of Poets—— jost,
(This is the first Wit-thunder-bolt.)
The *Sheriff's* Verses must amaze us,
They are the *Posse comitatus.*
And those that follow in this Lift-all,
Are all his men, with nere a Pistoll.

Unleſſe for Caſes wide as *Poulton's*,
Perchance each man may have *Paul Poulton's*.

What, doth he baffle *Hobs* the *Nathan*?
Hook in, old boy, thy *Levi-athan*.
The Wits they grant, though one turnes Coat,
And writes now *Contra*, that *Pro* wrote,
We do not take that much in ſnuff,
He's ſtill-oth' weakeſt, *Penne*, or *Buffe*.

But what if *Will* a cenſure made-a
O'th' Poets? he but did as *Stradz*.
So did old *Ben*, our grand Wits maſter,
In this Play called *Poetaſter*.
The odds is ours, we are the higher,
We are *Knight Laureat*, *Ben* the *Squire*.

Upon my conſcience you wrong
Out Knight, that he ſhould hate the Tongue
Of either Author, for 'tis ſed
Thoſe Languages ne're hurt his head.
You know full well the Latian
Is routed in our Nation:
And why ſuch ſtir for heathen Greek?
Is't not enough brisk French to ſpeak?
Italian brave, my Signiora,
It ſounds as high as you can rore a.

He never miſs'd at noſe of *Ovid*,
But lov'd the noſe ſo well approved

Of the Court-Ladies. Handy, dandy,
They both were ſpoyl'd by Art *D'Amandi*:
You think they feign, that is, they lie,
That ſpake of *Gondibert* ſo high.
If that their Verſes were much taller,
Waller hath ſince out-Gondid *Waller*.

Why do you bite, you men of Fangs?
(That is, of Teeth that forward hangs)
And charge my dear *Epheſtion*
With want of Meat? you want Digeſtion.
We Poets uſe not ſo to do,
To find men Meat, and Stomachs too.

That is a good capacity,
If you want that the more's the pity.
You have the Book, you have the Houſe,
And mumme (good *Jack*) and catch the Mouſe.

The Knight's return'd, your cenſures vaniſh,
And takes no Dungus, but good Spaniſh.

The Author doth not put in Mun— *becauſe it is the abreviation, or nick of his own name.*

Now with *Virginia* twit's no more,
The Slaves are dead, we do deplore:
And leave I pray, your fierce Bravados,
Slife you will end elſe in *Barbados*.

To Sir William D'avenant.

AFter so many poorer scraps
Of Playes, which ne're had the mishaps,
To passe the Stage without their claps.

2.

When thou hadst past the Pikes, and wert
Thy self a royall *Gondibert*,
A Soldate, then a Statesman pert.

3.

There so improv'd, and grown so able,
Thou'rt fit for War, or Council-table,
Could'st thou be brought to penne a Fable?

4.

Could (Knight) thy emerited fancy,
After so high dispatch beyond-sea,
Stoop to contrive this rare Romancy?

5.

Which all Romances must adore,
Arcadia bow, and *Eglamore*,
And all since written, and before.

Thy

6.

Thy firſt penn'd *Albovin* muſt lie,
Forgotten in his *Lambardy*,
For *Gondibert* is onely high.

7.

This *Gondibert*, and ſo the Author,
Is lik'd by King, and by King's daughter,
It makes them ſerious, and makes laughter.

8.

He that hath ſwing'd the Prince of *Condie*
And beat him to a hole, like *Lundie*,
(Better imployment ſend him one day.)

9.

When that he's weary of the Launce,
And hunting Rebels out of France,
In *Gondibert* his thoughts advance.

10.

And ſighs, perchance, with watry ſluces,
To ſee the Red-roſe ſerve the Luces,
But (*Will*) the world is all abuſes.

11.

Thou'rt read tranſlated in French Court,
The Divel himſelf doth well report,
All but theſe Quiblers thank thee for't.

When

12.

When Princes Battel joyn, and hurt,
Are farre remov'd from friends at Court,
Their Chirurgion then is *Gondibert*.

13.

A leaf of thee but read, will ſtench
The blood as well as any French
Chi'rgion, or Chirurgion's wench.

14.

Here Ladies may a ſimpling go,
Johnſon, *Gerrard* do not ſhew
A greater Betany to view.

15.

Tranſlate no longer for our *Leahs*,
(Good *Peppers*) our *Pharmacopœas*,
Of Herbals here's the prime Ideas.

16.

Thou art the publique *Icon morum*,
The Ladies lay the Book before um,
And *Polexander*'s not o'th' *Quorum*.

17.

Before they treat a Lord, a part
Of thee is read, or got by heart,
They'r catechis'd in *Gondibert*.

And

18.

And if they loſe the Virgin-name,
They onely ſay in joyfull ſhame,
Sweet *Gondibert* thou wert to blame.

19.

Their paines and throwes in this do pleaſe,
When that in Parſley-bed it ſees.
Bully-Gondibertinades.

20.

Then let theſe Rimers now approve,
And ſay thou art their laſh above.
Princes fight by thee, and Queens love.

Upon the continuation of Gondibert.

Ovid to *Patmos* pris'ner sent,
His Book to *Rome* without him went:
And though that *D'avenant* was confin'd,
The world to *Gondibert* was kind;
And by his worth so pleaded we,
See *Gondibert* set *D'avenant* free.
The power that laid the man by th' heeles,
Took bayle of's feet for all the ills.
His *Habeas Corpus* now is granted;
(Prethee no more of a nose scanted.)

And why good Knight are we severe,
Because we would the Stages cleare
Of Gods invoak'd, and *Pegasus?*
Abuse us still good Poet thus.
How gallant *Massey* grown of late,
As if the man were *Massey*-plate?

But how could ever *Gyges* ring,
Have hoysted *Davenant* on the wing,
When that the ring did not convey,
But keep invisible, we say,
The person on the place, 'tis worse,
The rings mistook for *Pacolets* horse.

He lay not there, no not an houre,
No sooner was thy work at *Tower*,

But

But *Davenant* was releas'd, we know it,
The man was pardon'd for the Poet.
But how comes *Daphne* in? It followes,
Daphnes are alwayes neere *Apollos*.

The Muſes, we know are ſuch
The Tower can't hold, but that do's much.
Nay the *Muſe* holds our Muſes now,
Scarce your prime Wit can ſcape; yet how,
Ile tell you, may be ſafe from danger,
Write as you doe *ſans* wit in anger.

Friend, If you have indeed abus'd,
Homer and *Virgil* as accus'd,
Let theſe withdraw the action,
And make them ſatisfaction,
(For *Gondibert*, I nere did ſee;
The Book, my friends, too dear for me.)

How come you now to offend the *Bard*
Of lofty fame, and name full hard?
Bold Britaines, they, and won't indure,
But my Lord *Bard* is for thee ſure.
Let all the mountaines meet upon't,
They'l yeild to *Bard* and *Bellament*.

I thought that Noſe muſt be i'th' Verſe,
Though i'th' fag end, i'th' very A—.

Waſh

Wash thee in Avon, if thou flie,
My wary *Davenant* so high,
Yet *Hypernaso* now you shall
O're-fly this Goose so Capitall.

Your colours will not hold the rather,
Expung'd by one that drinks of neither:
And yet no kin to John Taylor.

The Author upon himself.

FAlse as foolish! What turn *false to me?*
Davenant kill *Davenant?*
No, the whole world doth see
My *Gondibert*,
To be a piece of Art.
Waller and *Cowley* true have prais'd my book,
And deservedly,
Nay I did for it look;
He hath us robbs,
That blames for *this* old *Hobs*.
Write on (jeer'd *Will*) and write in Pantofle,
That's over Pumpho,
And for *Will Crafts* his baffle,
Thou maist long write,
That writ'st to them that shite.
Knight hold *thy* nose at this!
One *Tetrastich* to wipe his *verssyer*,

Met at the Common ſhoar, thee & *Will Crofts*,
I ſend you *Jeffery* to cleanſe what's ſoft:
Be it in head, can't he poor dwarf aſſaile,
But he will reach, to whip you in the taile.

Room, room for a leather ſlinger,
Pretends to be a triple ſinger,
On three feet, or to a third finger.

Who can ſufficiently prepare 'um
'Gainſt men of *trium literarum*?
Who'l fall like thoſe that roſe at *Sarum*.

1.

In triple rimes I thank a Kater,
Who writes as if he were my Mater,
But proves a moſt *Fraterrimus Frater*.

2.

You erre my Cautious friend in Planets,
As in abuſing of my Sonnets.
The Swanns above, Geeſe vaile your Bonnets.

3.

'Tis right (you ſay) 'twas hard in France,
Ten pound for a good work t'advance,
You got it friend, (but for a dance.)

4.

What like thy ſelfe, ſtill ſouc'd in Ale,
Abhorring all that's ſharp and ſtale?
You'l find me ſalt both head and taile.

Indors'd *Tib-he*, and ſeal'd with the cælature of the four-taſſel'd Cap.

Upon

Upon fighting Will.

MUſt all be Fighters that do follow Camps,
It was not ſo, my friends, not at *Ea'Tamps*:
He that bought Armes, and boldly croſs'd the (Maine
Did honour, ſure, in that adventure gain.
Who deſerves moſt, the man that is well bang'd
For King? or he that ventures to be hang'd?

Now Impudence, thou'rt up with old diſgrace,
Better to want ſome noſe, than want a face.
Caro de carne mine is ſtill as 'twas,
When thine of fleſh is batter'd into braſſe.
Where Kings have favour'd do not thou bla- (ſpheme,
I onely do amand that Sacred Theme.

Will, like a Baſilisk, did ride and flie,
And like a *Regulus*, bold *Will* will die.

In

In Pugnacem Daphnem.
Num Latin—as hîc?

PEr mare, per terras, Regi obſequioſus aravi,
Neptunus ceduces, Arma verumq; vehit.
Belgia me ſenſit, retuli unde ipſe Leones.
Senſit Bombardus Anglica terra meus. (ſtris,
Hinc ordo (nam gaudet equo Neptunus) eque-
Et poterat Parmum nobilitare Leo.
Scilicet—— & verus Campi Baſiliſcus ad ibam,
Bombardet genus ah tum Baſiliſcus erat.
Teſtis abeſt Fateor, jam Functo feſte Meipſo,
Calcar adeſt tamen, & Fama ſuperſtes erit.

Ad eundem, *Law Caſe.*

Leye ulpianum inter Jo:Oakum vel Quercenũ &
Jo:Novi ſtili. ff: ff: ff: ff. tit. De abluendo
Cerebro parag. Tu enim, vel Codrus.
Crambe bis repetitæ nolo reponere
Scribe nova.

In Daphnen Cauſidicum.

ALl are not Martyr-Soldiers, blood & goar,
To will to fight is Soldier-confeſſor,
And does defie his ſawcy hand and pen,
That ſaies he ere turn'd back to any men.

The Noſe again! ô how they plunge that ſcoff!
If th'ad been whole; they would have rubb'd it off.
A little man, a man you may ſuppoſe,
As much in juſtice to a (little) Noſe.
For, with the honour'd remnant that he beares
We take in ſnuff, theſe often crambed jeeres,
Ile give you (Pokins) leave to be naſute,
It is enough for us to be acute.
And 'cauſe I will in equity diſpoſe,
You ſhall *Ana*—eares unto your noſe.

The Poet is angry, becauſe cenſur'd by one he knowes not.

Some men have known ſome man, ſome men before:
Ha well done *Jack*, 'twas like be ſeen no more.
'Tis ſpecial to be known, not know agen.
But prethee tell, who was *Jack Pudding* then?

Titulus

Titulus Compitis *Londini* cum Licentia imponendus.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu ?

QVantum ad Epiſtolæ ſonum videtur eſſe exhibitoris Tumulorum apud Weſtmonaſteriũ, *adeo illi digitus Mercurialis, & vox Stentoria, quid ni rude Donatus! Tune Monſtrorum remonſtrator. Monumentis ipſis ſtatua major es, & præter teipſum (id eſt) magiſtrum ſpectaculorum grandius monſtrum nulla ætas iterum videbit : Quid Caſtrum Backſterianum nominas? abi ad ripam, & cum ſimiâ (Die quolibet Jovis) te oſtenta. Tune Elephantos, Tigridaſque loqueris? Cedunt miracula, Aſinus locutus eſt.*

Suſcitaſti (ſtipes) Cetum pro naribus ſales, ignem ſulphur evomentem : Abite Pelamides. (*Ne forte non intelligeretur vocabulum*) Anglice, (Plaiſe-mouth'd fellowes.)

Adeſt Leviathan ſed Hobbianus, non Hobgoblianus.

Americæ datum 13. menſe Anni Platonici. 1666. Anno Beſtiæ.

Biş Tibi vale.

Upon the Author.

Daphne ſecure of the buff,
Prethee laugh,
Yet at theſe four, and their riff raff:
Who can hold,
When ſo bold?
And the trim wit of *Coopers* green hill,
Should piſs now in every commõ ſquirters quill,
And his old prais'd Fancies kill,
Denham thou'lt be ſhrewdly ſhent,
To invent
Such Drawlery for merriment;
And tak'ſt a heart
To bear a part,
With three of moſt unequal pitiful fire,
Not fit to be enter'd in the grave Wit-quire,
A drawing *Donne* out of the mire.

Canto the ſecond, or rather
Cento the firſt.

ALl in the Land of *Bembo*, and of *Bubb*,
Frank Harris help me, on this pocky rub.
How ſhall we doe now Jack a doggs is dead
To get *Tom Coriat decent* buried:
Tis fit the man that Travell'd had ſo much,
And rode a ſtride the veſſell in High Dutch.

Should

Should have a place to lay his head, if he
Were but dead drunk, as he was us'd to be.
Is there no Art ho? nor Commencement (nigh?
Mutton I ſmell, Vacation Pullets ply,
Toward *Trumpington*, and *Shottover*, a hill,
Neer *Belloſyte*, hath at each end a Mill.
But what news from *America*? Doſt hold,
We ſhall have both our pockets full of Gold,
To buy us Turke-pies, alas 'tis hot;
Good *Jack* ſupply the Club, and give's a Pot.

Does not that Gentleman upon the Bench
Love Smoak nor Sack? then let him have a (Wench.
All palates pleas'd, a Scot will eat no Swine,
Men will eat men, Reckabites drinke no Wine.
Hey day! & where are we? what all-a-mort?
I thought we had been jeering *Gondibert*.
What is all this? proteſt 'tis wondrous (good,
But better it were farre, if underſtood.

Now 'tis as plain as noſe not in my face,
When that I roſe from ſtool, I loſt my place.
Then face about, or in more homely geere,
Noſes revert, be where your Arſes were.
'Uds Fiſh and Egs! that is no ſwearing yet,
What ſhall we do? we'r in a deadly ſweat.

We have got *In Ano* Feavor. Good Kings (Daughter
Set on a Posnet, make some Parley-water:
Or, if you please, Panada make in skellit;
Let not men of nose come near, they'l smell it.
And let it boyle three pints unto a half,
Then let it coole, and give't a *Durham* Calf;
Or these *Calabrian* Swine, or *Padan* Goats,
But be ye sure (sweet Princess) of your Coats:
O tie 'um up behind, or skewit tuck 'um, ('um
For fear these Lads from off your Buttocks pluck
O arm your self, for they're adventrous fellows,
And commonly stav'd off with Tongs or Bel- (lows.
Or break their heads with some good Cherry- (stone,
'Twill beat them off the pit, 'tis ten to one.
Though they be cruel Cockers, strike, they're (marr'd,
And will run out, and not a man die hard.
But if they should hold, *Astrayon* has *Clyster*,
But pray what he with Owl upon his fist here?
O 'tis a present to be shar'd 'twixt four!
The Jesses and the Hood to two, no more:
The Eyes and Beak to two— 'tis fit. This (have we
For our old Fustian, your new-made *Poll-* (*Davie*.

Thus farre out of our wits,
now let's be in our senses.

The

1.

The Sun was ſunk into the watry lap—
Of her commands the waves, and weary there,
Of his long journey, took a pleaſing nap
To eaſe his each daies travels all the year.

2.

Zanthus is ſafely ſaid forrage to yeild,
For his bright Courſers with their flaming (hoofs,
(No, no, *Eliſium* is too bare a field)
They quarter where they run, in the ſame (roofs.

3.

Yet do they ſeem to reſt, that is, are fled,
From th'incloſure of our Hemiſphere;
And to be down, we ſay, is gone to bed,
But they do lie, in truth, we know not where.

4.

When *Gondibert* and *Birtha* joyn'd that night,
And reap'd the pleaſure of expectant Brides.
They did not ſleep, nor would they, if they (might,
But kept the Ephialtes from her ſtrides.

5.

Forbear to ſpeak the reſt, the modeſt Bed,
Did ſhake to think what then was got & loſt;
The Curtaines bluſh'd, that is, were very red,
While ſhe was thaw'd, that ſtill that night was (froſt.

6.

Old *Aſtragon*, as Fathers gladly uſe,
A Caudle brought next morning early,
And joy'd his daughter, but ſhe could not (chooſe
But ſnob, and made it richer, that is, Pearly.

7.

Not that ſhe wept 'cauſe ſhe had chang'd her (name,
But teares, you know with them, are too too (common.
It was to think what time ſh'had loſt, & blames
Her ſelf; ſhe had no ſooner put on Woman.
I am beholding, but not to this D. Donne
for that.
Stout *Gnodibert* grown ſtiffer by thoſe teares,
For ſhe imbrac'd the Man, that invers'd Tree,
So that for certain he nere hung his eares,
But thraſh'd, and took for a Walnut, *Bertha* (ſhe.
Where is the Fuſtian and the Bombaſt?
In your own Doublets, ſure compleat.

To Daphne *on his incomparable (and by the Critick incomprehended) Poem*, Gondibert.

CHear up dear friend, a *Laureat* thou muſt be,
Nay, in this name entituled to the Tree.
Gather (you Infant-wits) looſe Bayes from hence,
And weare it when you write like him, high ſenſe.
Homer would wiſh his eyes again, to ſee
To mend his Verſes by thy Poetry.
Nor would the *Cheſher*, and ſmooth *Mantuan*,
Deny the praiſes of ſo brave a Man.
Rather if living, he would *D'avenant* ſing,
And in alternate muſe thy merit ring.
Ovid would be ſo far from minde of thoſe,
(That he would gladly lend thee part of's noſe,
Sad of thy leaſt Defect) and ſpight of us,
For thee would write a new *De Triſtibus*.
Taſſo and *Petrach*, and his *Laura* too,
Will throw off Modeſty, and the Bayes wooe.
Apollo call a Counſell, make an Act,
And let their Verſes with the Cords be packt.
And their 4 names be plac't, but never higher,
On the 4 *Toms*, of which the *Club* is *Squire*.
Whilſt thou whale *Gondibert* ſhalt feaſt, thy diſh,
Such as theſe, ſhabs, ſhurks, ſea-calfs, & ſword-fiſh.
Let the whole ſhoale of leſſer Pamphlets ſwim,
As the Wit-frye. Secur'd alone in him.

An

An Eſſay in explanation to Mr. Hobbs, *&c. Canter. the* 2d.

1.

ILl Men and Poets, are by number known,
Fit to conſume (qd. he) both Corn & Wine;
Then judge which is the bad, her's four for one,
Foul play in verſe my friends. But give um line.

2.

O hopefull *Inigo*, towardly old man,
That know'ſt ſo much, that *Daphne* nere knew (leſter,
Oxford him bred, *Paris* brought up. Who can?
(And the Globe clapt his Playes;) who can (do better?

3.

Rime, feet of Reaſon, was his ſtudied Art,
Rimes that are grasp'd by you in Divels claw.
Rimes *Lycambæan*, full of Salt and Tart—
Tar that will burn the fingers, ſhirt and ſtraw.

4.

To ſublime Reaſon, Nature's inmate, Art,
Did Rimes as Varniſh to her houſe deviſe,
Rubbiſh lies under the rar'd plaiſter-part,
That is rough reaſon couch'd, *but not to th'* (wiſe.

Now

5.

Now ſince the Law muſt clear both us and you,
You *neck-verſes* perchance y'have had already,
For the firſt faults, you know we hang but few;
Then take the book & read & *old Nick ſpeed ye.*

On Gondibert.

CLap on thy Cloſe-ſtoole apted for A—
Upon thy head, & march a rare mock *Mars.*
How ſtrong the Poet ſmells? good Sir impart;
Did you not ſlice at name of *Gondibert*?
With your own verſes cleanſe your tripe:
(A proper taile-clout) wipe for wipe.

Cockle de-moys for the Poets Hot-cockles.

HOt-cockles are but childrens toyes,
No more, my friends, are *Cockle-de moys.*
We'le play at both; but who ſhall lie?
Recant and Poem late wrote high,
Amount unto a Book. Lie faire you,
As *you did lately*, and Ile ſpare you.
Reach me a *Ferula*, perhaps
The *clawing* hand ſlights our fiſt-claps.

For wearing Buff, but never fighting,
Fouling Paper in the writing
For whatſoere y'have *donne* be—.

Smell

Smell to my hand Sir, what, ſo coy?
Cloſe, 'tis beſt a Cocle-de-moy.
Come *Donne*, come neerer with your noſe;
How nice? 'tis but to pluck a Roſe.
Better do thus, then go to th' Crowes.
Has *Denham* ſmelt? He's very ill;
Let him be breath'd on *Cooper*'s hill.
Draw neer (you fourth Rhinoceros)
This for your Verſes and your Proſe.
While it was made, I chanc'd to whiſtle,
That take too, for your learned Epiſtle.
If Mr Sheriff your Wits did ſtir up:
That is two ſcruples more of Syrup.

In Phyſick Ile requite your pains,
And thank you all my K: in grains.
If *Aſtragon* hath not enough,
Tantablin ſhall afford you ſtuff.

What's here, Church
Gradus without Organs?
Blomeſbury, S. *Katharine*'s, *Covent*, *cum Finſ-*
(*bury* Garden,
Canon, no *Chriſt-Church*, *Venery Bangher*, *Aclap*.

Epithites that will ſerve foure
Appellative, and four proper Nouns,
or more.
Drolling, Inſipid, Sarcuſtick, Damned, Heroick,
Lumbery, Bombaſted, Fuſtian, Hauty, Pecking.

Upon

Upon the Authors writing his name, as in the Title of the Booke,
D'Avenant.

1.

YOur Wits have further, than you rode,
You needed not to have gone abroad.
D'avenant from *Avon*, comes,
Rivers are ſtill the Muſes Rooms.
Dort, knows our name, no more Durt on't;
An't be but for that *D'avenant*.

2.

And when ſuch people are reſtor'd,
(A thing belov'd by none that whor'd)
My noches then may not appeare,
The gift of healing will be neer.

Meane while Ile ſeeke ſome *Panax* (ſalve of (Clowns)
Shall heal the wanton Iſſues, and crackt Crowns.

I will conclude, Farewell Wit Squirty *Fegos*
And drolling gaſmen *Wal-Den-De-Donne-Dego*.

FINIS.